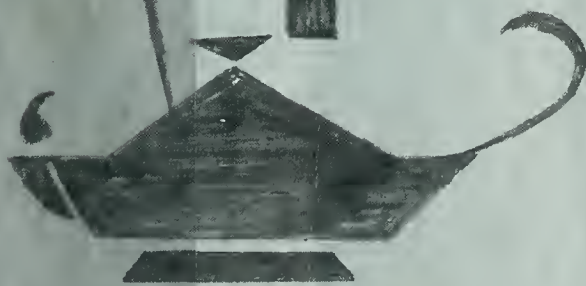


**STUDENT
SPRINTS**



Elizabeth H. Buckingham

Elizabeth H. Buckingham

R. H. B. 13

James Sawyer

Brother T. Buckingham

James H. H. H.

Josephine Sawyer

William H. H.

James Sawyer

Donathy Rally

James H. H.

Barbara Kelly

Charlotte H. H.

James H. H.

William H. H.

James H. H.

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STUDENT PRINTS



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BUSINESS MANAGER-----Dorothy Vernon

ART EDITOR-----Annette Fitch

TYPING EDITOR-----Frances Aiken

This graduation issue of Student Prints is dedicated by the Fiftieth Anniversary Class to all of you who have gone before us. Your gift to us was one of high ideals, lasting traditions, and a trusting belief in the worthiness of our school and its profession. For this we are grateful, and only ask that our group may take its place with those of the fifty years past, hoping that we too, in some small way, have left our share in the life of the school.

Harriet Heffernan
President of Class of '42

"US WAS--US IS"

Us was weary - us was worn
Us for three years now has born
The trial and woes; us no how shirk
The hopeless task of student work.
Don't it awful?

Us is working just the same,
Us is at the same old game,
Us is happy, us is gay,
Us is sporting pins today.
Don't it lovely?

Annette Fitch

THE OUTLOOK

Graduating this year, we are met by a world in travail and despair. One with more problems than we have ever faced before, with problems greater than our most active imaginations could picture. Mostly now we are over that first feeling we experienced last December when inside we crumbled and whispered that we couldn't do it. But that emotion has disappeared and has been replaced by the knowledge that we must put first things first, and lay aside our own high plans until we finish up the problem of the moment.

It is all well and good to think of it all so logically, but the fact remains we still wonder. Wondering if the dreams we dreamed before this year can ever come true now. Wondering what we can do to hurry it along, wondering where our duty lies, and how we can best fulfill it. Nor are the answers to all our queries plainly shown. In the winter months that passed since the beginning of the war several things have surely occurred to us. First the conviction that there is work of infinite value waiting to be done, and that it is the job of all of us to see, understand, and to do it. For all belong to the community and must share the ordeal through which it must pass.

We as a group are more fortunate than most, for we have had a head start. Our work is always indispensable and of lasting importance. We are already especially equipped for our job. Universally now people are dying in want of kindness and mercy, as well as in want of food and shelter. Can we not then accept a greater task quietly, realize it's importance and with our own tools attack our work, as our part in the battle?

It little matters whence we begin for everywhere we are needed; the important thing is to begin. Our small part may seem of little value. Perhaps its results will never be known to the world nor make apparent change. Gradually though, will be seen the fruit of our labors, and we can be sure victory will be ours. Knowing that, we can go on when the work is hard and painful, remain steadfast in

danger, find consolation in sorrow, and in the end find victory.

For awhile then we must give up our search for security, our anticipation of joys, and the pleasures we desire. As Thackeray has said, "Bravery is never out of fashion". With a clear head, a stout heart, triumphant spirit and, above all, a sense of peace in our own personal lives we will soon find where we want to go, and finding the way, will proceed with speed and power.

Martha Pearson



IN RETROSPECT

It was Friday afternoon, September eighth, that the last half of the class of '42 arrived and met in Sturges for the first time. A howling black Washington Heights storm beat against the windows--our first introduction to many more which followed. But the class was together for the first time, and soon we began our lives as Probies, with the wearing of the grey, weekly anatomy quizzes, and food from home giving a strange assortment. In October the Senior class feted us with a party and four of the class won prizes in the Scavenger Hunt-----goldfish, long since dead. Christmas next with a Christmas party, and the

lovely and ever thrilling carolling to cheer the first Christmas away from home. At last January 30, the Welcoming Ceremony and the next morning we appeared at prayers, striped, capped and proud--part of the school.

June 4th was graduation day for our big sisters--those kind, and helpful seniors, who had smoothed a rough way often for us--and we wondered as we watched them receiving their pins--would that time ever come for us?

Things happened--so many, and so quickly. As Juniors a History of Nursing Class pageant depicting the history of our school. We typed Florence Nightingale letters for our collection, ran the Red Cross drive in the Medical Center, took our places in Student Government.

During our three years we said a sad goodbye to Miss Hall, Miss Ludes, Miss Mutch, Miss Roser, and Miss Reddig; and welcomed to our faculty Miss Gill, Miss Mantel, Miss Pettit, and Miss Harrell. We were the first class to have cafeteria service at lunch and dinner, and thus discover of what wood the tops of our tables were made. We also started a Psychiatric affiliation "next door" rather than

at Bloomingdale, initiated "dim out" proctors, moved beds to elevator foyers during air raid drills, and bubbled babies in blackouts. And then, that night following Professional Problems class, when Miss Conrad announced that the national emergency had involved so many of us, that seniors might marry if their fiances were to be sent overseas, and that they might return to finish training. Then April we registered with the rest of the country for our sugar rationing cards and now take our sugar three times a day in individual wax paper bags; and also can fully save the remaining grains so maybe someday, we can make a fourth of a fudge recipe.

Ninety-seven of us began together, and but sixty-nine are left to graduate. Four of us have left training for marriage, and our first baby is almost a year old, with two more expected at any moment. Three engagements are supposedly announced, but, the indications point to many more soon---sooner than you think!

Our short course students are already blazing a bright and pleasing trail with three head nurses, and yes, a faculty member.

It's been three years filled to overflowing. Filled with tears and laughter, lots of broken hopes, and long-wished-for dreams. Mostly we've liked it, and now, the end of all this is fast approaching. We're breathlessly in the midst of our own graduation and the celebration of the school's fiftieth anniversary. In the midst, too, of comprehensive examinations, senior orals, the alumnae dance at the Waldorf, looking for white shoes, mailing graduation invitations; with case studies, psychiatric finals, or a neuro-anatomy quiz thrown in for good measure. Still--we hopefully pray for a blue and white June fourth. And then, for each of us, our own special day, and Prayers at last on Finishing Day.

Katherine Mahoney

CLASS WILL

Read at our Senior Class banquet, May 7, 1942

We, the underdogs of 1942, being of sound body and rattled brain, do hereby establish and publish this our last will and testament, wherein we gladly extend our God-sent gifts, and sympathetically bequeath our multifarious woes, trials, and manifest temptations to our successors:

- 1-Mike Mahoney leaves her amazing ability to get along with the queer folk to anyone else who needs it.
- 2-Rose Bendoek's throaty voice to the next hospital page... just call 271.
- 3-Justine Dennehy's "where innocence is bliss attitude" for the happy people with the faculty of getting into trouble.
- 4-Helen Chapple flings the torch to the next president of Student Government--it's burning her fingers.
- 5-Muffy Pearson's lovely smile to the world...everyone needs it.
- 6-Pedeflous, Schoonmaker, VanHoesen, Kilburn and Co's capacity for enjoying themselves to all the weary and down-trodden.
- 7-All Seniors finishing later than Sept. 10th leave their extra time to anyone wishing to make it up.
- 8-Annette Fitch's flair for verse and worse to anyone wishing to live alone and like it.
- 9-Jeannie Stambough's calm serenity to all the harassed Freshmen.
- 10-Saum, Christensen and Chesna leave their secret formula for elevation of Vitamin C level to the dietary department.
- 11-Jeannie Duncan's gamin grin to anyone wishing to warm the heart of a stone.

12-Dorothy Buckingham's high ideals to the many that need them.

13-Anne Edward's hair twitching to the persons wishing to make nervous wrecks of their friends.

14-Dot Fern's supreme optimism to anyone drying sinks in the operating room.

15-Dottie Hector's ability to put in a word for anyone to those who are inclined to do the opposite.

16-Jo Hallinan's well stocked larder to Maxwell Hall on days when the meals are lean.

17-The dripping shower in 11th North Corridor to anyone who can stand it.

18-Beth Martens and Scotty Davidson leave their hard working alarm clocks to anyone who doesn't care much about the time.

19-Jean Edgar refuses to leave her men.

To the forthcoming seniors we leave our ability to get nowhere fast with petitions.

To the freshmen, our beloved little sisters, we leave the best we had in us.

And last, but by no means least, to the faculty..... we leave!!!!

Signed, sealed, acknowledged and declared by
the Class of 1942, this 7th day of May-1942.

.."
Annette Fitch and Beth Martens

-tearing down the hall in the cold gray dawn to the clock to see if mine was really a half hour fast, or only ten minutes.

April on M-F-Sun.

-my Senior year.

Edna Morrison

-Maxwell Hall at 5:30 a.m. on Sunday mornings.

-my friends.

Katherine Mahoney

Marion McBrath

-dawn's reflected glow on the Palisades.

-Christmas caroling by candlelight

Marjorie Rowan

-my first S.S.E.!

Maurice C. Halloran

-conversations at 2:00 p.m.

Margaret Ekitten

-11th floor bridge(?) parties.

Brooklyn Philo

Effie P. Duvell

-trying to catch the 2:00 p.m. train from Penn Station.

Lucy Vernon

-sleep I didn't get; notices I didn't see; alarms I didn't hear; and buzzers that didn't buzz.

-the Hudson in all its moods.

Sean Duncan

-passing a "bottom sheet".

Daniel Mancini

-my favorite outdoor sport--sunning on the roof.

J. Lorraine Woods

Hera Masuk

- capping and the five months preceding that event!
- midnight talks all over Maxwell Hall. *Jo Carille*
- 6:30 A.M.--finding one of my duty shoes had fallen into the garden. *Willa Davis*
- various lemon squeezers at meal times. *Justine Demichay*
- Spring, 1942. *Anne Edwards*
- Miss Roger's voice saying, "We're admitting you to Harkness today, Miss Fearn". *Jan B. Edger*
- me constantly saying, "I must go on a diet tomorrow". *Dorothy A. Fearn*
- Carols on Christmas Eve. *Annette Fitch*
- Lost studs, and no laundry slips. *Snowe Hoffman*
- The weird noises and shadows associated with my first experience on night duty. *Dottie Hector*
- sunsets over the Hudson. *Harriet Helferman*
- wanting terribly to be a good nurse. *Ethel Harris*
- wearing spots--black stockings with no feet. *Ellen Hamilton*
- my first delivery! *Marian Howard*
- a bicycle ride on the walks of Central Park, and the resulting \$2.00 fine. *Florence M. Kenson*
- this life we lead. *Lain Perinching*
- Sunday midnight--the laundry still to be put out. *Martha Pearson*

Dorothy Reilly

-the turning of a new day on night duty *E. G. Dunn*

-Anatomy exams, and consequent Anatomy retakes.

-that buxom gray uniform on this buxom lassie. *Ellen Sinclair*

-the time when as sterile nurse I slipped and fell at a crucial point during an operation by Dr. Whipple. And he asked, "Did she faint?" *Barbara Janis*

-Dashing madly from the 11th floor to the 2nd floor laundry looking for an iron that works. *Jennieve G. Tootell*

-my first bed patient--after my twenty minutes of effort, she got up and walked to the solarium!

-Sterling. *Ruth Galloway*

-the thrill Ruth Galloway and I had being the first in the class to finish. *Nancy Wamsley*

-Hampers in the O.R. *Jeanne Thompson*

-Six radios playing six different programs on the 11th floor. *Charlotte Reed*

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

Prophecy of the class of 1942 -- here we are ten years hence.

Helenmarie Anderson special duty nurse superde-luxe.

Virginia Anderson frontier nursing in the south (their standards are up these days).

Dotty Crouse and Rose Bendock still running socials for lonely medical students. Now on tour of the country.

Dorothy Buckingham proud mama, whose oldest son, Clifford, sings soprano in St. James Choir.

Kitty Barnes wife of Dr. St. Greenadcer heads the Bundles for Englewood movement.

Kay Chesna wife, mother, and congresswoman, has just introduced a bill to whitewash the walls of the Pennsylvania coal mines.

Helen Christenson Supervisor of Nurses at the Hackenslash Memorial Hospital.

Alice Hamilton soprano, Jo Carvill violinist, and Vera Masuk ballerina, just gave a benefit recital at Carnegie Hall for all the nurses who failed to register their Regents diploma and therefore can't get work!

Helen Chapple finally took her last lesson and is auditioning at the Audubon in "Lily White Hands Hula".

Elizabeth Dillingham through her ardent efforts in Maine has started the nation using the Elliot Croup Tent.

Jean Duncan a public health nurse is bringing red hair and sunshine into the highways and byways of Vermont.

Jean Edgar has quite a family--of ten or so the last we heard. She and her husband the doctor (it was the doctor she married I think) are collaborating on a series of magazine articles entitled "Keeping Your Youth--Family or No".

Dot Fearn president of the International Women's Athletic Association was just discharged by Dr. Stevenson. Her 48th Harkness Admission.

Rene Holton has finally married Ed. "It was worth waiting ten years for" she allowed the papers to print.

Jo Hallinan of the firm "Hallinan the Hatter" has just created another millinery rage--"Broccoli Beret with the fritter flounce," a throw-back to training days.

Ann Edwards is receiving royalties on her invention of an eight-hour bed--guaranteed to electrocute anyone disturbing the sleeper before the eight hours are up.

Annette Fitch facetious president of "No Disparaging Remarks About Edna St. Vincent Millay Association."

Dorinda Bell is the mother of three-year old triplet sons, Walter, Joe and Penner.

Huldah Blair, Jennivieve Tottell and Ruth Davis are someplace in China, clothing the starving Armenians.

Ruth Galloway is supervisor of, K-Floor and "Honestly kids I don't know a thing about it."

Gerry Bradley has gone back to Amherst where she has started a school all her own.

Marjorie Hasseltine is now lecturing for the Lily Company on "Medications I Have Known."

Jane VanHoesen and Betty Schoonmaker were the idols of the student body of P.H.. Now running the P.H.O.R. they give P.H.'s five days a week to students, and only graduates are on call.

Maril Pedeflous Has been cited by Parents Magazine as the ideal Mother of 1952.

Dorothy Hector appears all over N.Y.C. subways as "Miss Subway 1952."

Harriet Heffernan is at last her pleasant self again due to the tremendous income from her well-known reducing diet.

Jean Legakis is the founder of a fund for soundproof rooms for student nurses. So far she is the only benefactress.

Marion Corke Alas! is Miss Carver's successor in the Sloan labor room.

Justine Dennehy one of the world's ten best dressed women keeps her income up by running a "Learn to Drive" school.

Marion McGovern and her four year old daughter model mother and daughter clothes for Best & Co. of N.Y.C.

Marion McGrath a shadow of her former self, is modeling hair styles for Charles of the Ritz.

Margaret Mead has been asked to add a chapter to Harmer and Henderson on "How to obtain proper elevation of the affected parts."

Beth Martens is still adding to her nut-hatchery for her forthcoming Pedeculi Exhibit.

Katherine Mahoney was last heard of collecting drift wood to keep the light burning in the Bridge lighthouse.

Edna Morrison, we regret to report, is a patient on the 8th floor of Psychiatric Institute screaming for volunteers to play for prayers.

Marge Norcom is still in Alaska. She got stuck there at the end of the war as an Army nurse and now she can't get back.

Maureen O'Halloran--we can't arouse, so we don't know what she is doing.

Scotty Davidson is now president of the Indiana P.T.A. and is loving it. She's running all the meetings.

Muffy Pearson is just as ever "My candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night----- But ah my foes, and ah my friends, it leaves a lovely light."

Betty Saum has just introduced her scrub-up technique: Scrub one, pause; scrub two, pause: scrub three, pause----and those poor germs.

Marion Howall is supervisor of a nursing school in Jersey. She immediately instituted a new time schedule. Four hours of duty every day but Saturday and Sunday, those days the school closes.

Charlotte Keith and Barbara Tanis are double-dating with baby carriages, and its all sunshine and diapers now.

Jane Lindsey is promoting the Chamber of Commerce in Florida and

Lois Perinchief was all set to be a Long Island matron, but she's so far behind in her bill at Franklin Simon that on the side she's modeling leg art for the Gorgeous Gam Hosiery Company.

Florence Peterson spends a good deal of her time writing to Dorinda. She keeps sending pictures of her own red-headed boys for Dorin's approval, and they just can't agree whose boys are the red-headest!

Effie Pickerell is wracking her brain on how to get more Shalimar. She's down to the last few drops that Julie gave her way back in '42 and oh dear!

Dot Reilly has the approval of all. She has just endowed a room in the infirmary, proceeds for which came from her fortune-telling tea room on 42nd Street.

Doris Sawyer writes she still has her beautiful peaches and cream complexion, due to the use of Poco soap.

Dotty Vernon married Byron at last, after finishing all the things she had to do. Doing very well on a school teachers salary too--as only Dotty could.

Ellen Sinclair has at last taken the decisive step--she's really going to be an infant's nurse, 'cause she loves the babies so much.

Alice Sorenson is spending all her time collecting maple syrup to send to Maxwell Hall for fritters.

Betty Lou Turner did just as she said she would--married Hughie and loves it; and now that he's used to it, he does too.

Lorraine Woods is having the time of her life--the only woman in the state legislature, and "according to Parliamentary Law" it's quite agreeable.

Margaret Whitten is happy. She's running L Floor by telephone from Pine Bush.

Cynnio Kilburn is adding to the larder by lecturing to High School Charm Clubs on "Facial Expressions and Their Part in Everyday Living."

Nancy Wamsley is teaching public health to the Ubangi Warrior district and they aren't going to let her leave.

Ethel Harris has perfected "The Patients' Joyous Reader" which remains suspended in mid-air by the force of gravity.

Dotty Philo is happier than she has ever been. She's designing houses like she wanted to do and writes "everyone leaves me alone, and I can eat what I want."

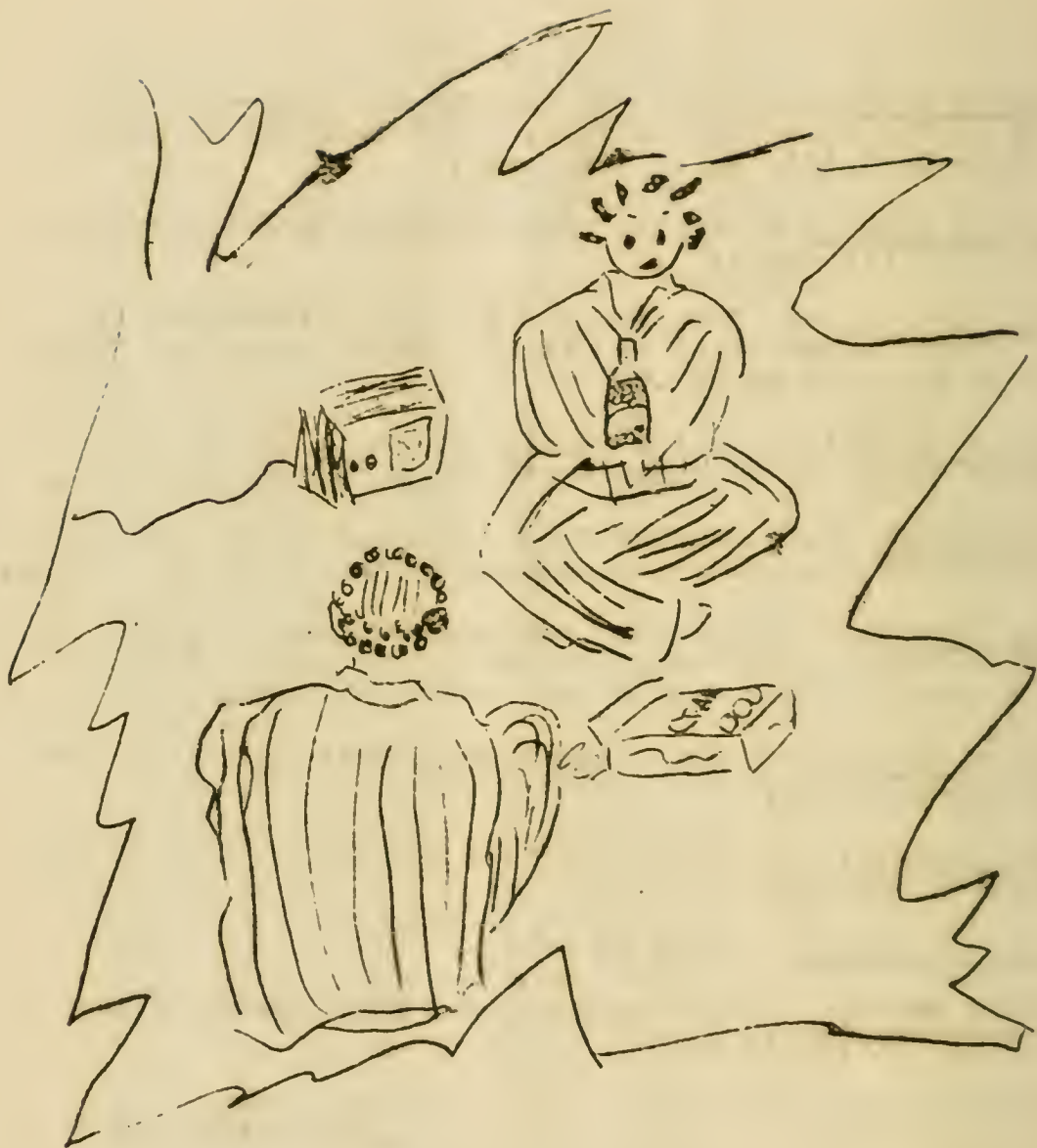
Jean Stambaugh is working for Apeda studio--personal contact man--sort of.

Jennie Mauceri is through worrying now and takes life as calmly as the rest of us.

Dotty Weinberger - Happy in love.

Barbara Philips - Still sunshine and flowers--with the men still eating it up!

Beth Martens
Annette Fitch



Now, honestly, I don't like to be catty--but!

Annette Fitch

I have been thinking of you very much lately
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately
 but I will try to write to you more often.
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 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately
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